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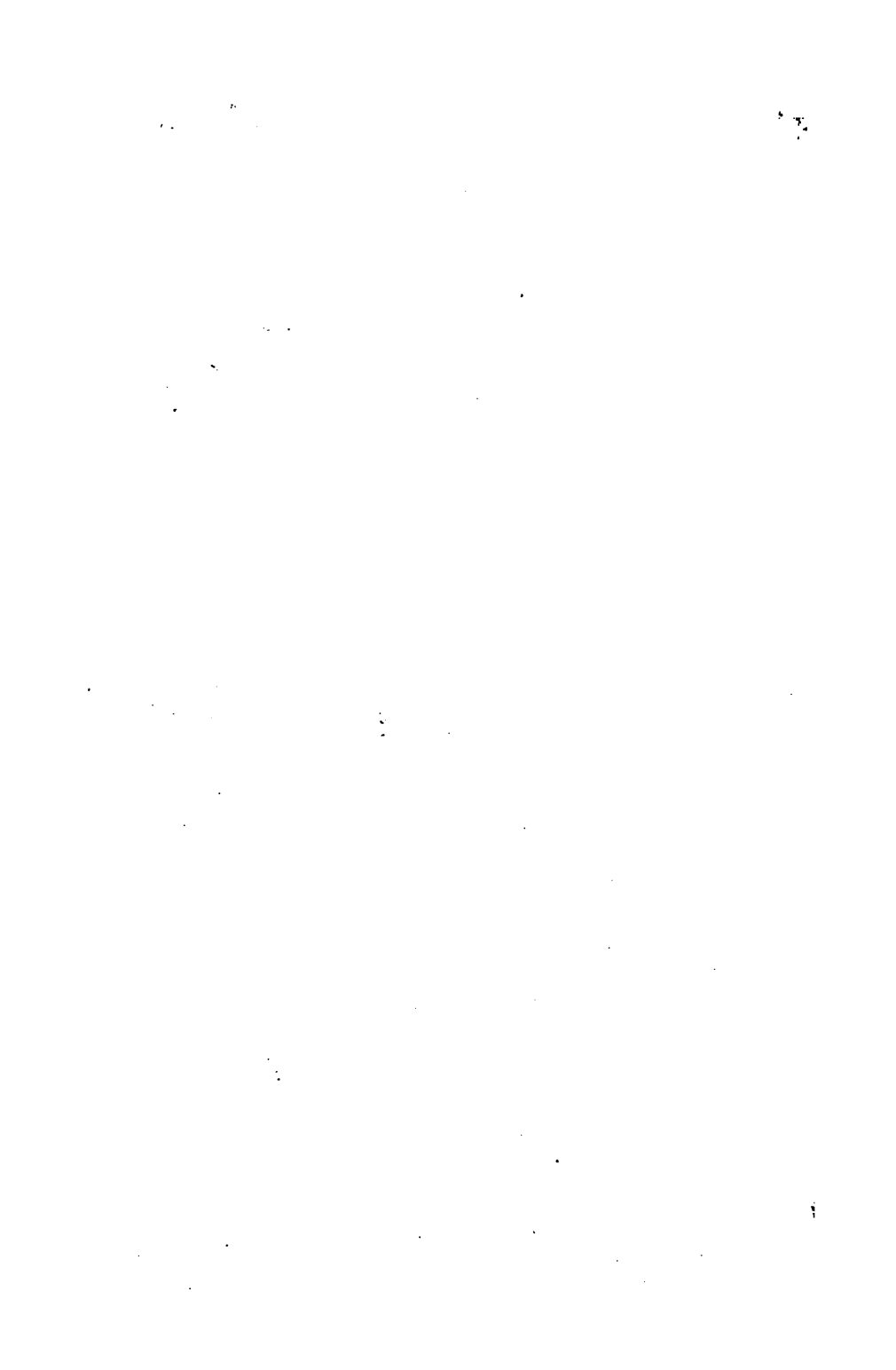
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CRYSTALS
FROM
SYDENHAM



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CRYSTALS FROM SYDENHAM;

OR,

WHAT MODERN AUTHORS SAY OF THE PALACE.

EDITED BY "CYGNUS."



LONDON :

HOPE & CO., 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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PREFACE.

THE manuscripts from which the following collection was printed were discovered, with other documents relating to the Crystal Palace, among the papers of the late Mr. Phillips, a gentleman well known for his high attainments and connection with the Palace Company, by whom he was entrusted with the preparation of the general Catalogue. How these manuscripts came into Mr. Phillips's possession is readily explained by the following facts, which, though not generally known, may be relied on as being strictly accurate. It was the original intention of the Committee of Management of the Crystal Palace to have an Inaugurative Address recited at the opening last

year, and with this view they privately solicited specimens from the principal authors and literary characters of the day; and as soon as these were prepared and sent in (with the initials and mottoes only of the writers attached), they were all referred to the critical review of Mr. Phillips; who, however, not considering that any of them displayed that talent or eloquence which the solemnity of the occasion demanded, advised the Committee to abandon the idea of an opening address altogether, and accordingly, as the public is aware, no such recital took place.

Now, when we find that the constant theme of the subjoined addresses is the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—that many of them contain frequent and direct allusions to the opening ceremony last year—that no authors' names are subscribed, but only initials and mottoes affixed to each—and when, lastly, we remember that they were found shortly after Mr. Phillips's death in the very "Davenport" of that gentleman himself,—surely it is not too much to conclude that these are the identical effusions written last year for the opening of the Palace, but never made public, for the reasons already assigned. Although the compositions now offered to the public failed to reach



the lofty standard of excellence set up by Mr. Phillips, still the Editor trusts that his present readers will be more lenient in their judgment, and will satisfy him that he has not mistaken the taste of the literary world in presenting this little work to its notice. He fancies that he can trace in the style and sentiments of each paper a likeness to the writings of that particular author to whom the initials and motto would seem most significantly to point; and if his surmises are correct, the present volume embraces contributions from some of the most celebrated writers and characters of the day, and may not unreasonably be expected to unfold some of the brightest gems of modern literature. The Editor cannot (for family reasons) explain the precise manner in which the original manuscripts came into his possession, but he can solemnly assure the most scrupulous of his readers that he is committing not the slightest breach of confidence in giving to the world at the present time what, he has reason to believe, would very shortly have been published had the life of the former possessor been a little further prolonged.

N.B.—The Editor is personally responsible for the list of titles appearing in the page of contents. These were not found with the original manuscripts, but, being first suggested by their perusal, were afterwards affixed to each for the sake of more easy reference.

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CRYSTALS FROM SYDENHAM.

THE LADY OF ILAM.

By A. T.

—“Dum vitat humum nubes et inania captat.”

Hor. Ars Poet.

ON either side the railway lie
Fields, where suburban children fly,
To lose the smoke and find the sky,
And in the midst the train runs by
To Crystal-Palaced Sydenham.

And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the daisies grow,
In a garden there below—
The Villa of Ilam.

Collars whiten, ringlets quiver,
Little children dusk and shiver,
In the train that runs for ever,
From the station by the river,
Down to Crystal Sydenham.

Four windows, hung with modest folds,
O'erlook a bed of marigolds,
And the silent cottage holds
The Lady of Ilam.

By the garden, iron-paled,
Pass the heavy waggons trailed
By slow horses, and unhailed
The cabman drinketh beer retailed
On the road to Sydenham.

But who hath seen her lift her feet,
Or at the door the milkman meet,
Or is she known in all the beat,
The Lady of Ilam?

Only sweepers, sweeping early
In among the chimneys curly,
Hear a snore that echoes queerly
From the lattice winding drearily
Down to Crystal Sydenham.

And the sweeper downward creeping,
From the next door chimney leaping,
Hoarsely whispers, "'Tis the sleeping
Lady of Ilam."

PART II.

THERE she sits at work alway,
Knitting, netting, crochet gay.
She has heard a party say,
Ill-luck would sure attend the day
She went down to Sydenham.

She knows not what her fate may be ;
But little other care hath she
Except the " Record " and her tea,
The Lady of Ilam.

And sitting by the window small,
Which just o'erlooks the garden wall,
Her eyes on every traveller fall,
She marks the pattern of each shawl,
That goes past to Sydenham.

There the dusty eddies fly
(For no water-cart goes by),
And fluttering clothes hang out to dry
Beside the Villa of Ilam.

Sometimes the postman with a bag,
A butcher on an ambling nag,
Some fast young dandy in a drag,
And then an old and wizened hag,
Goes by to Crystal Sydenham.

Or with policeman "38"
Some housemaid holds her *tête-à-tête*
No lover watches at *her* gate,
The Lady of Ilam.

But at her window still she stays,
And knits and looks about always,
For often on the shilling days
An omnibus with pair of bays
And bugle went to Sydenham;

Or came, while she was yet in bed,
A youth with baskets on his head:
"I am half sick of strawberries," said
The Lady of Ilam.

PART III.

A bow shot from her chimney top;
The trains were often wont to stop
To take a party up, or drop
Another who had gone to shop
From near suburban Ilam.

And as the summer lingers by
Each train she watches with a sigh;
For must she never with them fly
Down to Crystal Sydenham?

At length she brooks no more delay,
But on the next five-shilling day,
As brightly shone the morning ray,
She vowed she would no longer stay
Beside remote Ilam.

She left her work, she left the room
(Outside she fell across the broom);
Still, careless of her coming doom,
She set off to Sydenham.

All in the blue unclouded weather
She took her cotton umbrella;
She said, "There is no knowing whether
It may not rain and spoil my feather
Ere I get back to Ilam."

And now she nears the Palace gate,
And on the terrace stands elate;
"What care I for the hand of fate
Within the walls of Sydenham?"

Her eyes each brilliant wonder sought,
Except the Mediæval Court;
She would not enter places fraught
With "Pusey" notions of that sort,
The Lady of Ilam.

At length, by craving nature led,
 She seeks an ample table spread
 With lobster salads, beef, and bread—
 The staffs of life at Sydenham.

“ Who is this, and what is here?
 I did not call for ‘bitter beer;’
 I wonder, sir, you do not fear
 To furnish with such vulgar cheer
 The Lady of Ilam.

“ Here again in fault is seen
 The ministry of Aberdeen;
 But for ‘Lord John’ there’d ne’er have been
 Beer sold at Sydenham!”

She started up, she gave a frown,
 She shook the crumbs from off her gown;
 But as she once had sat her down
 She had to fork out half-a-crown,
 The Lady of Ilam.

* * * * *

Music hath charms to soothe the breast
 With heat and catalogues oppress’d;
 So where the band resounded best,
 Behold her stretch her limbs to rest
 Upon a bench at Sydenham.

Spell-bound she sat, till just outside
A panting engine she espied—
“The train has gone without me!” cried
The Lady of Ilam.

PART IV.

THROUGH the darkening shadows streaming,
Fitfully the moon was beaming;
The porters listlessly were dreaming—
A lantern on the platform gleaming
Under Crystal Sydenham.

Down she came and found a seat,
Then round her neck upon a sheet
Of paper wrote in letters neat,
“The Lady of Ilam.”

With this direction : “You must try
To keep this maiden lady dry,
And send her forward in a fly,
Or the next train that passes by,
Back again from Sydenham.”

And at the closing of the day
She shut the door and down she lay;
Long must she in that carriage stay,
The Lady of Ilam.

There went no other train that night,
And all beneath the cold moonlight
She was shunted out of sight
On a siding to the right
Of the line at Sydenham.

And as the watchman went his round,
He heard a sad and solemn sound ;
Yet through the night he never found
The Lady of Ilam.

But at the morrow's early dawn
(Her dress from out the gathers torn),
Behold her speechless and forlorn,
By trembling carriage searcher borne
Along the rails at Sydenham.

Out upon the station ran
Guards and porters, every man ;
And round her neck her name they scan,
"The Lady of Ilam."

"In sooth, it is a dreadful sight,
How comes she in this woeful plight ?
Perhaps her stays were laced too tight"—
And he shook for very fright,
The station master at Sydenham.

At last he said, "Let's bear her hence,
So call a cab and hang expense,
For I will lend her eighteen pence,
The Lady of Ilam !"

A LAY.

BY T. B. M.

"Carmina fingo."—*Hor.*

LORD DERBY loves Protection,
And Manners loves the Nine,
And Albert loves the model sty,
Warm with the breath of swine ;
And Cobden loves the whispers
From peaceful lips that range
Through Manchester's long corridors,
Beneath the Corn Exchange.

But thy Joseph loves the honours
Of horticultural shows ;
He loves to breathe the zephyr
That from the greenhouse blows ;
He smiled to see reflected
His fame in every glass,
While rose the Crystal phantom
Like magic from the grass.

And such as is the Company
That nurtured thy design,
And such as he who coloured thee,
E'en such be thou and thine.

Leave to the dull Museum
Its blank unpainted walls ;
Leave to the love-sick maid to dream
She "dwelt in marble halls."

Be thine at last to fathom
The sculptor's inmost thought,
To show the utmost object
For which the chisel wrought.
Be thine to add perfection
To each defaulting part,
And give to partial beauty
The latest touch of art.

Till Owen comes, the Parthenon
Her paintless frieze bemoans,
And models from "Praxiteles"
Still crave a tint from "Jones."

Beneath thy roof no winter
Its blighting breath shall fling,
The gems of every climate
Beneath thy shade shall spring ;
Within thy courts the emblems
Of every rank shall meet—
The lady from her carriage,
The porter from the street.

The exquisites of fashion
Shall here thy glories scan,
As safely as the victim
Of a clean "all-rounder" can.

And here shall rustic wonder
Give forth the genuine praise
Which gentle-bred indifference
Is too correct to raise.

Hurrah for "Laing, the chairman"
Of this our Exhibition !
Hurrah for "Fox" and "Henderson" !
Long live the whole Commission !
Hurrah for him who loves reform !
For him who paints the stones ;
Hurrah for "Colonel Sibthorp,"
And "Colour-Sergeant Jones" !

Hurrah for the smooth statues
That stand in graceful line !
Hurrah for the fair emblems
Of Nature's form divine !
Draw near, ye dainty Pharisees,
In false decorum dress'd,
Who, raving still of modesty,
Immodest thoughts suggest.
Ho, pure ones ! where's the clothing
For lovely "Venus" spun ?
Ho, liberal-minded "Record" !
Are "Cupid's" trousers done ?

Hurrah for the long tables
That shine with many a glass !
Hurrah for the rich stout of "Meux,"
And the bright beer of "Bass !"

The chickens gay with parsley
Plucked from the coster's cart,
The crust set thick with strawberry jam,
That forms an open tart ;
The pies of massive pastry,
The buns grown rather old,
The many-coloured salads bright
With eggs and lobsters cold ;
The soup that boils and bubbles,
The cheese that seems to creep,—
Such dainties they who dwell in town
Shall here for ever reap.

Blest and thrice blest the Briton
Who sees this opening day !
Who sees the long, tumultuous train
Rush down the new railway.
Who, past that-bustling platform
And through that desperate cram,
Reaches at last the glittering gates
Of Crystal Sydenham.

Then where, o'er Thames' sweet waters,
The city churches frown ;
Where the gigantic men of stone
On the " New Road " look down ;
Where powdered footmen loiter
Outside Regentine shops ;
Where dirty housemaids trundle
Their dew-besprinkling mops ;

Where tuneful milkmen wander,
 Beneath the morning light ;
Where bawling newsmen's echoes
 Startle the listening Night ;
Where " Hansom " whirls his idlers
 To sweet suburban groves ;
Where Cupid-struck policemen
 Invoke their area loves ;
Where Atlas plies his journeys
 Far o'er the realms of " Bow"—
Shall be great fear on all who hear
 The mighty name of " Joe" !

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

By M. T.

“*Parvum in Multo.*”

OF TRAVELLING.

GREAT is the mystery of travelling ! I sit upon downy cushions.

I am whirled to my destined goal by the panting monster before me.

The yell of his might soundeth, the smoke of his wrath appeareth.

He runneth on wheels of iron—he rivals the birds in their flight.

He challengeth time in the race, distance but lendeth him speed.

By his strength I can traverse the world—the train shall take me to Sydenham.

OF AN OMNIBUS.

A different agent this from the thundering offspring of steam.

But noble still in his sphere, and highly prized among men.



For though the 'Bus be slow, yet is it sure withal—if sometimes nasty, it is always cheap.

Watch carefully the 'Bus to suit thee, nor rashly hail the first thou meetest.

Lest haply, when starting for London Bridge, thou be carried unawares to Shepherds' Bush.

Art thou strong? ride outside the 'Bus. Art thou delicate? the inside is warmer.

Seize if possible the nearest seat, neither risk a walk to the top.

For as the door closes upon thee, the 'Bus shall start off with a jerk.

And though the conductor declareth it to be "right," thou shalt find thyself in the wrong box;

Cast headlong on a lady's lap, or trampling the toes of a stranger.

Art thou mounted on the roof?—does the box seat support thee?

Improve with care thy opportunity—thou hast much food for reflection.

Thou art raised above the tumult of the street—thou lookest down upon the strivings of men.

Mark well the language of the driver as he passeth an opposing 'Bus.

List to the accents of his voice, forget not the discourse of his tongue.

For though the foolish body calleth it "chaff," yet is there much wheat to be gleaned there from.

OF A RAILWAY STATION.

A nervous man is lost at a station—the unprotected female is bewildered.

The careless loseth his luggage—the sluggard misseth his train.

Be not thou like unto these, but keep thy senses against the day of travel.

So shalt thou be cool in the midst of tumult—thou shalt pace the platform with placitude.

Seek on thine advent the booking-office—acquaint the clerk with thy destiny.

Fear not though the bell soundeth, though the porter shouteth with his voice.

To take up thy ticket forget not, neither leave thy change behind thee.

Next shalt thou choose thy carriage, an umbrella shall mark thy seat.

Take careful note of thy fellow travellers—partners for better or for worse.

See that thou have not a maniac for thy companion—avoid all appearance of babies.

OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Art thou rich? take a season-ticket. Art poor? go not on a five shilling day.

Albeit to visit this temple of wonders is a duty thou owest to thyself.

Behold the achievements of science! look on the triumphs of art!

The glittering roof that covers thee,—the dazzling hues that charm thee,—

The cooling fountains that splash thee—the distant notes that soothe thee,—

Tell forth the powers of genius,—the omnipotence of skilful industry.

Here the past shall instruct the present, the living shall learn from the dead.

The offspring of latest thought—the first-fruits of earliest art.

Tunics of pristine Rome. Eureka shirts of “Ford,”—

Pots of modern pomatum, urns of ancient “Greece ;”—

Combine to feast thy fancy with concentrated essence of ages.

OF READING.

A shilling a-piece for the Catalogues ; a thousand pounds for a man to lift them.

So numerous are they withal, and so impossible to carry.

Yet are they wholesome for instruction, to light the dark places of thy mind.

To teach thee the names of things, to feed thy famished soul.

To save thee from exposing thy ignorance by misplaced guesses at truth.

So that thou call not “Paxton” “Apollo,” nor ascribe the “Parthenon” to St. George’s Hall.

Lest Layard's Bull be unto thee as a Durham Ox, or Shakspeare's birthplace as the House of Glaucus.

OF WRITING.

The Gold Pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened?

It surpasseth the quill of the swan; it surviveth the steel of "Gillot."

Herewith shalt thou keep thy journal; thou shalt write thy thoughts on the Palace.

Whatsoever is sweet to the eye, and all that is good for food;

The gems most fair in thy sight; the dainties most suited to thy taste;

These shall thy pen record; and lay up in the Garner of History.

OF ARITHMETIC.

How shall they count the Folks at Sydenham, or number the Wonders of the Palace?

Can Multiplication do it? Is Proportion equal to the work?

If the Transept hold a thousand to-day, what shall the Nave contain to-morrow?

Surely fractions must lend their aid; Algebra shall be summoned to the task.

Fix then the decimal point. Let x be the unknown quantity.

OF MUSIC.

Search the time when the band playeth ; when
the Trombone venteth his roar.

Press forward to the crimson seats ; be not thou
done out of a place.

As close as thou canst penetrate, mount up to
the orchestra's verge.

So shalt thou be deafened with the noise, nor
easily distinguish the tune.

Beat loud the Time with thy feet ; to swing thy
head forget not.

So shalt thou seem learned in the art, and thy
neighbours shall have a greater respect unto thee.

OF LOVE.

Mark well the dress of her thou lovest, that it
be neat, but not gaudy.

For she who blindly pursueth fashion shall fall
into the abyss of ridicule.

The tidy maiden mendeth her gloves ; the care-
less letteth them continue in holes.

The prudent weareth her bonnet on her head ;
the foolish letteth it hang down upon her back.

Is she handsome ? it is well ; but see that she
droppeth not the "H."

Hath she wisdom ? it is a prize, but beware of
a strong-minded woman.

Hath she riches ? they are good, provided she
settle them on thyself.

Art thou in love? Take thy sweetheart with thee to the Palace.

There shalt thou find solitude in company, retirement in the midst of thousands.

Neither let expense deter thee.*

One plate shall feed ye, the same glass refresh ye.

So shall the feast to both be sweetened, the cost for each shall be diminished.

OF REFRESHMENTS.

To fast long is injurious, tempt not too far thy stomach.

When nature craveth listen to her, slight not the voice of instinct.

Nor fear to satisfy her fully; a little luncheon is a dangerous thing.

Natheless be careful in thy choice; select the food most wholesome.

A sausage is not always of the pig, for a kitten maketh a ready mince.

Neither shall a pork pie always deserve thy confidence; for a tender infant may be concealed beneath a savoury crust.

OF BEER.

There is a cooling beverage that maketh glad the soul of the thirsty.

* Third-class Returns are but eighteenpence.

Its charm lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet lasting
as port in the bottle.

Loneliness and thought are cherished by the
balmy drops of its fountain.

Exercise and toil require it ; luxury and rest
enjoy it.

Its hue is the brightness of amber, and it
smacketh of the bitterness of hop.

I saw it foaming in beauty ; I felt the magic
of its taste.

The child grew strong beneath it, the old stooped
down and quaffed it.

And I thought some angel had dropped there a
double barrel of nectar.

And yet what shall I say ? Is a woman capable
of beer ?

Hath Dr. Gully known it ? Can a teetotaller
perceive it ?

Beer ! what a volume in a word ! an ocean in a
glass !

A banquet in a taste, an Elysium in a draught.

A seventh heaven in a glance, a millennium in
a moment.

What concentrated joy or woe in bright or
blighted beer !

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

BY COLONEL S.

"Difficilis querulus laudator temporis acti
Me puero censor castigatorque minorum."

Hor.

Now don't suppose I'm going to spin a long, mealy-mouthed, flattering yarn about the beauties of your 'crystal edifice,' the march of intellect, or industrial art, or any other flummery of that sort, because I'm not going to do any such thing. I only want to speak out my honest opinion (as I always have done and hope I always shall do, whether in the House of Commons or out of doors, without fear or favour), and to tell you a bit of my mind about this Crystal Palace as you call it. Well, sir, my opinion is that it is a regular humbug, a right down swindle. The Palace is a humbug, and you're a humbug, and the whole Company are a lot of humbugs. Crystal Palace, indeed! Ain't there hothouses, and greenhouses, and glass-houses enough in every little pottering garden one sees, without getting up a great staring thing

like that at Sydenham? Just like all the new-fangled inventions of the present day, a glass trap to catch fools in; all radical outside show, no real old Conservative worth in it. And then you talk about the good of the country, and enlightening the people!

What good, I should like to know, will they get by going down to Sydenham wasting their time and spending their money to stare at a lot of sham plaster gimcracks daubed over with red paint?

The only result that I can see, will be to collect a lot of silly, idle, good-for-nothing people, young puppies and old fools, to talk scandal, and show off their fine clothes under a glass case. And then to encourage a lot of foreigners to come over here, and have a set of nasty, dirty, smoking fellows, who haven't got a shirt among them, always strolling about the streets! For the continental nations generally I entertain a high respect, but I must say there are people among them whom I can only look upon as belonging to the tag-rag and bob-tail of society. And then, some people rave about the music, and say the Crystal Palace Band plays so well. Talk of music! Give me a good street organ, provided the villain who grinds it isn't a foreigner. And as to the band, they tell me you've had the unwarrantable presumption to dress them up in uniform, forsooth! so that actually a friend of mine took them the other day for men

of the 2nd Lincolnshire Militia, that Royal Regiment which I have the honour to command—a regiment, sir, on which I have spared neither time nor money, and which I do not hesitate to declare, in spite of what the *Times* or any other licentious paper may say, is in the most efficient state of organization and discipline, and equal to any regiment in Her Majesty's service, not even excepting the Coldstream Guards, or the Horse marines.

The Exhibition in Hyde Park was bad enough, and I did all I could to oppose it; I said I never would go inside it, and I never did. And now, sir, I tell you, and you may tell every member of your company, that, as long as I've my own way, I shall never come near that swindling affair of yours at Sydenham. No, sir, never, and what I say I mean. And if I ever have to pass within sight of the place, I shall turn my head the other way, and not even let my eyelids blink on the nasty, flimsy, gimcrack glasshouse. I don't care what people may say, or what that most scurrilous journal the *Times* may write, though I know the managers seize every possible opportunity of vilifying me. But, as I've often said before, I shall always resist the proceedings of a licentious press. I am not going to be "chaffed" out of what I consider to be my duty, and nothing on earth shall ever induce me to set foot in that finicking toy-shop you call your Crystal Palace.

THE STRAYED SIGHTSEER.

By M. A.*

The Terrace of the Crystal Palace—Evening.

A YOUTH. POLICEMAN.

The Youth.

FASTER ! faster,
Oh, blue Policeman !
Let the long excursion train,
The gay procession
Of holiday forms
Sweep through my soul !

Thou standest frowning
Down on me ; thy right arm,
Raised against thy dewy brow,
Mops thy moist cheek ;
Thy left shows, hanging " at ease,"
The broad cuff, duty-cinctured,
Dark blue and white.

Is it then evening
So soon ? I see the white mist,

* [This paper appears to have been sent in without a Motto.]

Ed.

Drifting like beer-foam, dims
The plated buttons
On thy stalwart breast ;
The cool night-wind, too,
Blows through the terrace,
Stirs thy hair, " Peeler !"
Waves thy white trousers.

Policeman.

Whence art thou, sleeper ?

Youth.

When the grey dawn first
Through the dim window-panes
Of my lodgings, on the third flight
Up at the King's Head,
Came breaking, Peeler,
I sprang up—I threw round me
My dappled shirt.
Passing out from the wet step,
Where a pail stood by the front door,
I snatched up my beaver, my new cane
All tipped with gold,
Came swift down to join
The crowds early gathered
In the station round the Booking-office,
South-Eastern Terminus,
On London Bridge.

Quick we passed, following
The loud engine's steam-track,

Down the branch railway. I saw
On my right, through the window,
This palace, Peeler—
Noiseless, empty.
Wondering, I entered, beheld
The courts all silent,
The bulls sleeping,
On a stall this bottle—I drank, Peeler,
And sank down here, sleeping
On the steps of the terrace.

Policeman (springs his rattle).

Hi, Sir! within there,
Sir Richard Mayne!
Come forth, so please you,
See what the night brings.

Sir Richard Mayne.

Always new prisoners!
Hast then apprehended
Some young, flashy-dressed member
Of the swell mob,
That he sits stroking fondly
His stiff, immaculate collar,
The night breeze ruffling
The long oil-shining locks
That crown his brow,
His waistcoat, half unbuttoned,
Smeared with brown beer stains,
That he sits lounging
So late on the terrace?

Policeman.

Hist ! he wakes.
I took him not into custody, Sir Richard—
Nay, ask him.

Youth.

Who speaks? who comes forth
To thy side, Peeler, from within?
What shall I call him,
This stern, plain-featured,
Quick-eyed stranger?
Art thou he whom rogues
This long time dream of—
The knighted Captain of the Blues in Scotland-yard?
Art thou he, stranger,
Sir Richard Mayne,
His mother's son?

Sir Richard Mayne.

I am the Baronet,
And thou too, sleeper,
Thy face is brazen.
It may be thou hast followed
Through the streets some fast man—
By life taught many things—
“Bell’s Life” and the Prophets,
And heard him delighting
His friends and followers
In the “Coal Hole,” and heard his stories

Of "bricks" and heroes ;
Of love and cigars,
And billiard tables
In town, or kept
In rustic suburbs.

Youth.

The police are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining bull's-eyes,
And see around them
By night and day
The town and men.

They see the Baronet
Strolling, staff in hand,
On the hard, gravelly
Serpentine bank ;
His hat thrown back on
The bald, venerable "Head,"
Revolving inly
The doom of London.

They see the Colonels
In the upper rooms
Of Clarendon, in the streets
Where time-killing gossips lounge
At the plate-glass open windows,
With arms relaxed and lips
Curled, gently smoking
The fragrant weed.

They see the "Coster"
Driving, whip in hand,
His frail cart moored to
A spare-ribbed donkey,
Toiling beneath his load upheaped
With large-leaved, white-headed cauliflowers
And the dark cucumber
He piles and packs them,
Driving, driving ! round him,
Round his greengrocer cart,
Flock the small housewives,
Their children ring them.

They see the cabman
On the long stand unbuckling
His horse's bit at noon ;
He waters his beast there, then makes his meal,
Cold pie and pint
Of half-and-half, fetched from the tap
Of "Truman Hanbury," or the "Noted House
For Barclay, Perkins,
And Co.'s Entire."

They see the heroes
Of midnight brawls,
Singing through the dark streets
In their reckless sky-larking,
Violent spree,
At sunrise nearing
The hapless lock-ups.

The old Inspector
Came strolling in the sunshine
From the crowded palace courts
This way at noon.
Sitting by me, while he brushed
His dusty garments,
He told me these things.

But I, Sir Richard,
Sitting on the warm steps,
Looking over the gardens
All day long, have seen,
Without spectacles, without difficulty,
Sometimes a wild-haired navvy ;
Sometimes a cook with ices ;
And sometimes for a moment,
Passing through the young shrubs,
Hands in pockets, the beloved,
The renowned, the divine
Sir Joseph Paxton !

Faster ! faster !
Oh, blue policeman !
Let the long excursion train,
The gay procession
Of holiday forms
Sweep through my soul !

THE GIGANTIC "NO."

By T. C.

"Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba."

Horace.

WE have set up an Idol of Glass in this Assdom of ours, and are about to bow down to it; read us an Address thereon, O Author! So speaks the British Public. Most assuredly we will, O Public. Throw open the doors now, Glass, Porcelain, and we know not what other, that we may see this great idol of thine, thou British bull, lion, ass, or otherwise. Here is a Palace, forsooth, as thy managing men—shovel-hatted quack-heads we call them—love to name it. A Palace! A peepshow rather, we should say, where foolish children pay their money to stare at winged bulls, stuffed Indians, dumb savages, with other dead deformities, and living humbugs, too, for that matter; or listen to toothache-giving pipes, drums, sackbuts, dulcimers, and all kinds of music. Come near, then, poor infants, old and young Midas-eared brayers, British, foreign, or otherwise: come and strain

thy sham-loving organs through this bit of glass—crystal wouldst thou have it—and tell us what thou seest, poor dupe ! Thou art silent. Listen, then, and our friend "Wine-sour" shall expound to thee what idols they have set up in this huge, inarticulate baby-house of thine. "In palaces we once, in our blindness, imagined kings were wont to live. Verily here we have looked about with somewhat of minuteness, prying hither and thither, putting on glasses, even glasses of various descriptions, convex, concave, yet no king have we been able to discover here, or indeed, for the matter of that, elsewhere. But O ye Powers ! is there not here to be seen, and not to be seen only, but (with due caution and in absence of thee, O man dressed in blue ! for which reason, and no other that we can discover, to be revered) to be touched, even the statue of a Queen ? Truly we have seen it, O British bull, lion, ass, and we know not what other, we have seen it with these most obtusest organs of ours, and recognise in that even the very Ruler fittest for thee, O most truly Assdom of all donkeydoms and other "doms" whatsoever, to be met with in this world of ours, or not at all here, but quite in some other place altogether removed from this ! This at least it hath learnt this statue of thine, and might teach thee if thou couldst learn it—to say nothing : most valuable of all learning, but altogether above thee, we fear, with all thy preachings, speakings, lecturings, newspaper

writings, poetisings, and other donkey-brayings and "ings" of what description soever. Look well round thee, in front, behind, and on each side, O most wisest of publics, and see all this painting, gilding, plumbing, glazing, and shamming with which thy Palace bedizens itself withal! Look, too, on the blind crowds of thy stiff-necked fellow-mortals, poor dustmen and women, and yet, forsooth, hiding their nakedness with such stupendous, grand, floor-sweeping, rustle-making satins, silks, muslins, barrèges, not to say petticoats, horsehair or otherwise. Look, I say, at all these most vainest of gew-gaws, golden, silver, brass, copper, and other Midas-eared Mammonisms, in this Palace, shop, peep-show, or whatever thou stylest this den of thine. Gaze on now, and consider what a mighty great people, forsooth, thou must be! How truly prosperous, upright, and altogether most not-to-be-railed at of nations. Surely *thou* hast no horrors to haunt thee in thy still moments! No hell, vices, or miseries to shame thee. No pest killings, hunger dyings, or other devillings, in thy cities. Go on, then, poor dupes, "*macte virtute.*" O public! feast thine eyes on all this finery, yet go not too near, lest perchance thou discover the sham. Handle not too roughly these gay deceits—yellow, red, blue, and otherwise—heaped on and plastered in these latter days by all thy cunning men, thy Paxtons, Joneses, Wyatts, Digbys, Owens, and others. Touch them

not, I say, lest peradventure when tearing off their coats thou shouldst take away their cloaks also, and so lay bare all their shams and nakedness. No, surely! Wash the *outside* of thy cup and platter—paint the walls of thy gaudy sepulchre; but never look inside, O most moral public, lest the sight of all thy rottenness, vice, poverty, and other thy moribund deformities shock too much thy poor tender-hearted Idiosyncrasy. "O fortunatos nimium sua si *mala* nōrint!" So speaks the sarcastic man. And now forthwith come shouting and hissing heaven high from thousands of open-mouthed chanticleers some such indignant murmurings, or rather long-eared ravings, of this sort: "Go to, thou false prophet, thou who ragest in such huge, incomprehensible jargon of plagues, pestilence, famines, vice, misery, and other devil's messengers, and yet never so much as hintest at a means of escaping these penalties! Thou who preachest all day of our sins, and crimes, and wrongs, but never deignest to tell us what is right! Such shall not be our doctor, who only teaches our disease, but can devise no remedy to cure it withal." And yet, brothers, we fear there is no "Morison's Pill," no "Holloway's Ointment," to offer thee as a nostrum for all thy loathsome depravities. No, verily; thou art so utterly plunged, sunk, and swallowed up in thy vicious excesses, so deeply have the cancers of misgovernment, oppression, money-gettings, and mam-

mon-lovings eaten into thy poor rotten carcase of society—yea, even to its very heart of hearts—that now at last thou must reap what thyself hast sown. Already art thou mortifying, and no Holloway's ointment that we know of can save thee. Go, hide thyself, is our advice; put away what thou canst of thy filthiness and misery, and for the rest buy sackcloth to gird thee withal, and cry "Unclean! unclean!"

Open thy Palace, forsooth! Shut it, we say; shut it, and that speedily. Pull it down even, preserving only the statues, clothed or otherwise, these having all learnt to say nothing. Oh, that thou too couldst learn it! The rest destroy, and we will advise thee what thou shalt do with the materials. Thou shalt build for thyself an ashhole withal, into which thou mayest throw a few at least of thy cinders which lie now in heaps scattered hither and thither, up and down this great donkeydom of thine, and were better shovelled away somewhither quite out of sight, according to our mind.

"O, thou Baalam!" we now hear issuing from the British press—"O thou Baalam, did we not call upon thee to bless? and, lo! thou hast cursed us altogether!"

A CHIMÆRA'S HEAD; OR, A HEAD'S
CHIMÆRA.

By Sir F. B. H.

Λέγων εἶκα πολλά καὶ μάτην ἱρεῖν.

Æsch. Prom.

To that half of our community
Whom it is our happiness to amuse,
Our privilege to escort,
And many of whom have as yet only heard of Sydenham,
This Paper,
Showing the present "Defenceless state" of their Palace,
Is affectionately dedicated and inscribed
By THE WRITER.

ALTHOUGH there is nothing more fascinating in nature than the innocent gaiety and thoughtless confidence of a young English lady setting off on a cloudless summer morning, bent on some party of pleasure, a rural pic-nic, or an urban exhibition, still it is often the painful, the thankless, though the no less imperative duty of the careful father, the faithful husband, or the anxious lover, to break


in upon that sweet but fatal security, and to remind the fair object of their solicitude that rains may descend, umbrellas be wanted, feet be wetted, and pockets picked, during her exposure to the fickleness of our climate and the dishonesty of our race. So now, when I think of the myriads of our fair sisters, the rank and beauty of their sex, crowding, in all the eagerness of joyous excitement and unsuspecting confidence, to celebrate the opening of the Crystal Palace, far different feelings are at work in my breast, and instead of delighted groups, happy faces, and brilliant displays of all that nature aided by art can accomplish, I see visions of a foreign foe, plundered courts, dismembered statues, broken plates, yea, and worst of all, sisters, wives, and daughters made prisoners within the sacred precincts of that very temple which but now they had dedicated, in all the pride of self-confidence and security, to the perpetual cultivation of the arts of peace. Though I would gladly refrain from the unpleasant task of expounding to the ladies of Britain the dreary history of those external dangers and that internal mismanagement which threaten so soon to bring ruin on their Palace and their country,—though such a theme will be distasteful alike to the managing few and the victimised many, still I cannot, I dare not incur the dreadful charge, the grave responsibility, of seeing the Crystal Palace and its innocent but

short-sighted votaries drifting rapidly to almost certain destruction, without once more dipping my pen into the ink of warning expostulation, and endeavouring, ere it be for ever too late, to awaken them to a sense of their danger, to show them the precipice on the brink of which they are tottering, and to convince them at last of the naked insecurity, the unwarrantable exposure, and the utterly "defenceless state" of their Palace.

It is not the first time that I have raised my voice against the wilful blindness and stupid self-confidence of the country. Some time ago I published an elaborate and instructive *Treatise on the Defenceless State of Great Britain*, a work which, I regret to say, was ridiculed by some, disbelieved by many, and disregarded by all, and which nowhere in this country met with that grateful respect and attention which the vital importance of the subject, not to mention the literary value of the production, so peremptorily demanded.

Nor is it only in the character of a foreboding prophet that I am known to the world. A short time ago, after spending a fortnight in Ireland, I gave forth to the public (almost within a month of my return) a volume which, whatever its intrinsic quality, was at any rate equal in size and appearance to anything which the most sanguine reader was justified in expecting. But even that little work, put together with wonderful rapidity, was but coldly

received by an indifferent public, and can I hope that an address teeming only with shameful truths and stern realities, and speaking only of impending danger, helpless insecurity, and suicidal indifference, will meet with any more favourable reception at the hands of my country? But still the stake is so enormous, the risk so awful, all that we prize, or love, or reverence, is so inextricably bound up in the fate of the Crystal Palace, that I am induced, in spite of the thankless and invidious nature of the duty, to undertake to show the utterly insufficient means at our disposal for the protection of a place on which so much money has been expended, and in which probably so large a portion of our lives will be spent. As, however, the subject is too lengthy and important to be effectually treated in an address of this sort, and on an occasion like the present, I propose shortly to publish a little volume fully discussing the present state of the Palace and its piteously defenceless state in the event of a Russian invasion of this country; and I shall therefore at present content myself with thus calling public attention to the consideration of this subject, and imploring all those who love their country and have any interest with the Directors of the Palace Company, to spare no pains and no arguments to induce them to take such steps for precaution and fortification as may tend to ward off the calamity which I see so closely impending over Sydenham.



The question, when fully discussed hereafter, will be considered under the following divisions:—

I. Available Russian army at the present time.

II. Available English army at the present time.

1. Regulars.

2. Militia.

III. Available Police force in London.

1. Regulars.

2. Detectives.

IV. Invasion of Sydenham by a Russian army.

V. Occupation of the Transept by a Russian regiment.

VI. Reflections thereon.

"EASTWARD, HO!"

By C. K., Junior.

"A man's a man for a' that."

"EASTWARD, HO!" Now don't all of you gape at one another, and suppose that when I say "Eastward, ho!" I mean westward, or northward, or southward, or anything else that I don't say, as many of you do, and are always for judging other people by your own crooked rule. When I say eastward, I mean eastward, and when I say that I am going to tell you a little of my mind about the Crystal Palace, it is about the veritable Crystal Palace that I am going to speak, and not about anything else that I know of just now. Honest Elias Lee and I went down to Sydenham together the other day. Honest Elias is no flimsy west-end gentleman, nothing useless of that sort. What he says he'll do—he does—does utterly like a man. He never shaves his beard from off that right-down manly, grimy smith's face of his; he never covers his broad rough hands with puling yellow kid gloves, and he doesn't conceal his great, sinewy

frame with any loose, fashionable, devil-betailored, long frock coat. He knows that every man that's a man, and worth anything, must work, and he's not ashamed of working or of wearing his everyday working clothes either. A man of deeds, not words; a man of a smock frock, not cloth clothes, is honest Elias.

"Let's get into the railway carriage," cries he, and in we went, he stooping forward both his broad, sinewy smith's shoulders, and I coming after him, proud enough to be in the company of a true man, who knew where he was and where he was going to. Elias Lee knew that he was in a railway carriage, and that's more than many of us can say that we do.

It was a misty morning; the air full of moisture, and the sky nearly covered with clouds, but above them the sun was shining, as he always has been since the day he was made, and trying to shine *through* them, as we knew well enough; we never doubted about the sun being there, although we couldn't see him; and great honest-hearted Elias didn't grumble all the way we went because there had been finer mornings since the world was made than this particular one that he had chosen for his pleasuring excursion. He sat quietly back in a second-class railway carriage, and ate the fat and the lean of his sandwiches together as a man should do.

And at length the first view of the Palace rose

before us, glass all over, sparkling—for the sun *had* broken through the clouds at last, and lo! what a broad smile spread over the immense features of the giant before me! Truly Elias is an enormous man—utterly strong as an ox, yet gentle, and simple-hearted, and half-witted as a little child, and as pleased as a child he was with all he saw that day.

The workmen were still in the Palace; we walked through the aisles, and looked at them with proud hearts. These are indeed the men for England to be proud of. Strong, rough-handed, broad-shouldered men, who work in the heat of the day, and wipe the sweat off their brows with red cotton pocket-handkerchiefs; and that was what simple-hearted Elias did as he walked along and shook hands with every one we came near. Straight down the nave, across the transepts, and up to the top of the highest gallery—we traversed the Palace utterly; and when I say we walked straight, I don't mean that we walked crookedly; we knew that Sir J. Paxton meant the Palace to be straight, and upright, and clear, and whatever was not straight, and upright, and clear, we knew was the devil's work, and had nothing to do with him, and honest Elias would have nothing to do with it.

“Eastward, ho!” I say, and with such a man as Elias Lee.

An utter beer-drinker, an utter worker, an utter

smock-coated man, an utter tobacco-chewer, an utter giant, an utter smith, is Elias Lee. And I for one most heartily wish the world were full of such men as he—utter Elias Lees.

SYDENHAM.

BY REV. R. M.

"Et me Phœbus amat; Phœbo sua semper apud me
"Munera sunt, lauri."

Virg. Bucol.

TO MY FRIEND.

THERE is a hardness in my pen,
But whence or why I cannot tell,
As though a witch's impious ken
Had bound it with unholy spell.

My muse feels not that buoyant life
Poetic morns were wont to bring,
When, burning with the mental strife,
She used her earliest lays to sing.

There was a time when, musing laid,
Parnassic visions met my gaze,
And dulcet measures ready made
Gushed forth in paradisal phrase.

But all that summer glow of thought.
Was published ere to town I came,
And later poets since have sought
To eclipse a predecessor's fame.


Yet deem not that I nurse a care
Lest some more favoured author now
With new-born rhapsodies should tear
The verdant laurel from my brow.

For each advance in talent's road
Displays a genial track for me ;
I would not wreath a flowery ode
Without one bud of poesy.

My page replete with grace and power
(Like former verse of mine) shall be,
And, read at Sydenham's opening hour,
Shall sound a bland epitome.

How nobly reared this sparkling fane,
How great the mysteries of art,
What throes of pleasure and of pain
Alternate ring the human heart

I ever felt ; and deeply now,
As fancy through the Palace flies,
My trembling spirit wonders how
To breathe the burning thoughts that rise.



I think I see thee there, my friend,
 Meandering on ecstatic toes ;
What glories in that transept blend,
 What meekness from that fountain flows !

And long be thine th' enchanted morn
 Which finds thee with a season-ticket
(Of grovelling care thy bosom shorn)
 Expectant at that Crystal wicket.

And when this opening day is o'er,
 And heard this babbling lay of mine,
Oh ! may it meet a public roar
 As loving and as true as thine !

SYDENHAM.

AWAKE, ye trumpets ! let your brazen roar
Exult around me and a music thrill
My frame, as through th' Enchanted Hall
My vision soars in wild triumphant flight.
Far as the eye can reach, crystallic domes,
Bright-tipped with rose and oceanic blue,
Reflect the glow of Art's victorious train,
While gems of every clime and age combine
To swell the great ovation.
Lo ! how it beams, and what a glittering splash
Deal the green watering-cans o'er yon rising dust.
All echo with the chorus of her clouds !
Hark to the murmurs of that anxious crowd
In yonder transept—home of season-tickets,
Where fluttering hearts, upheaving with the throes
Of loyal rapture, watch the dread approach
Of England's Queen, who now, with solemn pomp
And majesty sublime, shall to her subjects love
This temple dedicate, and from her throne inhale
The fragrant incense which addresses breathe
Through every word of that mellifluous prose—
A Briton's fondest sacrifice.

Meanwhile, my muse, assist me while I sing
Th' Elysian beauties of that radiant throng,
In mantles of rainbowic hues arrayed,
Their kerchiefs from fair fingers graceful held,
Or spread in breezy rapture to the sun ;
And thou alone, eternally sublime,
Thou pendent mystery of leaf and flower—
A lady's bonnet, caught in prone suspense
'Twixt head and heel, as was of old the tomb
Of the false Prophet 'twixt heaven and earth
In fabled balance held.



The sun is up, and from meridian height
Looks down to gratulate the natal day
Of fairest Sydenham. The cærulean vault,
With many a smiling cloud-isle sprinkled o'er,
Beams through the sparkling roof. Yes, earth and
heaven

Own *Thee*, the Crystal Palace of the world !
Each court is gleaming—smooth the statues glow—
The fount runs coolness, patties veal appear,
And clean plates clatter on refreshment stalls.
Ethereal beauty sheds its soul abroad.
Then let me, in this gallery leaning o'er,
Survey the scene and mark its princely charms.
Why, what a stately palace this ! How vast
Her space ! What Paradisal hues ! The crown
And grace of fair Britannia's island home !
And thou, whose lofty fancy first conceived
This form divine—Sir Joseph Paxton, hail !

And here, in this triumphal hour, receive
The soul-born tribute of a poet's love.

Deserted cities, oceanic isles,
And regions new, with undiscovered stores
Of wealth full teeming, represented are
By artist moulds, and as it were appear
By their attorneys. In fac-simile behold
Terrific bulls by eastern Layard dug
From Nineveh's dark ruins. Huge and grim
Sennacherib's dread relics chill the sense.
Here middle ages, there reviving art,
Enthral the fancy; brighter gleam the tints
Of gay Alhambra, "Owen's" favourite child,
For whom, like Patriarch of old, he paints
A coat of many colours. Here tempestuous swells
Loud dress'd in fashions surge—there laughing
girls,
And matrons old artistically fair,
And shadowed interchange of spinsters lone
Dark slumbering on the seats of crimson baize,
Before me like a panorama spread.
Far as the strawberry-ice-clad north hath spread
her board,
To where the terraced south extends from east
To west—the theatre of glass I view.

SYDENHAM'S TRUST.

BY LORD J. M.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fœnore."

Hor.

EVE OF ST. JOSEPH (PAXTON).

THE sun is slowly sinking in the sky,
(May Heaven preserve our old nobility !)
Borne by the zephyr through yon fluttering birch,
Tinkles the curfew of dear Mother Church.
Each vesper object gently woos repose
(Except the gnat that settles on my nose) ;
While mental feeling, to perfection wrought,
Roams o'er the fields of mediæval thought.
This is the eve of the long-looked-for day,
When opened Sydenham shall her charms display.
But can we hope, in this degenerate age,
For ancient virtue on a modern stage ?
Or yet see rescued from relentless fate
The true prerogatives of Church and State ?
Oh for the spirit which, in earlier days,
Guided men's footsteps in the good old ways ;


Blest times when each old lovely holy thing
Clung to the fancy as a leech would cling ;
When England's princes ruled by right divine,
And royal forests reared ferocious swine ;
When grew the arts of chivalry and love,
And patriot robbers lurked in every grove ;
When holy man, in priestly garments dress'd,
With classic voice his fellow-creatures bless'd ;
When feudal lord, within his ancient walls,
Dispensed the bounties of baronial halls :
No baneful coffee, no defiled " Bohea,"
But beer for breakfast, ay, and beer for tea ;
No vapid soirée or nocturnal fête,
They rose at five and went to bed at eight ; [maids,
When mail-clad youths were loved by tap'strie
And, 'stead of picnics, they got up crusades ;
Or made a pilgrimage to holy well,
And wished the fortune that they dare not tell.
Then simple peasants urged the unconscious plough
O'er peaceful plains where railways rattle now ;
In sweet dependence on their lord they hung,
Nor cared to read or write their mother tongue,
Showing what wisdom in the maxim lies,
" Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."
Then errant knight, by true-born valour stirred,
The weak's avenger, through the country spurred,
Careless the object of his generous rage,
Should man or windmill his good sword engage.
His too the gallantry which loved to shower
Poetic raptures in a lady's bower,
Or chaunt all night beneath her turret tower,

Content one smile from her sweet lips to gain,
Celestial recompence for years of pain ;
Proud to entwine her garter in his plume,
And seek in Palestine an early doom.

Where now, if journeying by land or sea,
(May Heaven preserve our old nobility !)
Shall one sweet relic of that golden age
The wandering patriot's anxious eye engage ?
For quibbling law and vulgar commerce chase
The honours destined for a nobler race ;
While gentle birth and loyalty divine
Decrease in fortune or neglected pine.
Pure chivalry no longer in our land prevails—
We lost refinement when we dropp'd pigtails ;
But still my faith in Mother Church I fix,
And scorn " John Russell's " modern politics.
And yet, my Queen, why not, in spite of fate,
Exalt the feeble Manners of our State.
Let Parliament at once sit down to work,
And wash the column of the Duke of York.
Let future children share the fervent joys
Still felt in summer by the blue-coat boys.
Let ministers once more in wigs be seen,
And start a tournament on Turnham Green.
In Sydenham's grounds, where every rank resorts,
Once more shall thrive our good old English sports.
Through horse's collar let the peasant grin,
And vent the laughter that he feels within.

What wild excitement his who dares to back
The speed of one who races in a sack !
Entranced spectators are in wonder lost
Till, gazing, " Westminster " forgets the cost.
What manly hopes inflate the aspiring soul,
When all but conquering the unctuous pole !
What rapture his when at the setting sun
He fries the bacon which his prowess won !

Faint grows my muse ! Yet not in vain her flight,
If by her aid before my country's sight
Shine forth one glimmer of those glorious rays,
Her noon-tide sun, the light of other days.
Not vain her verse, if it outswell the cry
That madly clamours for equality ;
For shall we crouch before the miscreant crew,
Who'd raise the many to put down the few ?
No—by the names that are our country's pride—
(Names that you'll find in any good court-guide),
Names, like my own, that are no sooner said
Than strike the hearer as quite thorough-bred ;
Let grovelling merchants by the hundred fail,
Sell up the lawyers by a bill of sale :
Let all who boast themselves in learning's march
Be hung at Tyburn (now the Marble Arch) :
Scatter through Christendom the trading band :
Pull down the shops from Chelsea to the Strand.
Let butchers, bakers, postmen, cabmen die—
But leave us still our old nobility ! !



A FRAGMENT.

By W. M. T.

"Semper gaudens illudere rebus
Humanis."

Hor.

AND so the Palace at Sydenham is to be opened, and the Queen is to be there, and a grand procession of duchesses, and countesses, and ladies, in all the paraphernalia of court pomp and fashionable attire. Shut the door against all but season ticket-holders, and usher *them* in with deference, bows, smiles, and applause; for do not they all come in carriages? have not they powdered footmen at their beck and call? do not the ladies flutter about in the most delicate dresses and the most fragile of bonnets? are they not dressed in the truest, purest, and most perfect fashion? are they not spotless and rentless to their very gloves?

Oh! you dear, elegant, innocent fools, driving about all day, and resting at night upon frilled cushions, and steeping your pocket-handkerchiefs in endless fountains of Eau de Cologne! Do you never any of you remember to have seen a hole in any of your delicate lemon-coloured kid gloves?

did you never find your sweetest bonnet worn and faded, even tattered to shreds? If I mistake not, it lies now on the top shelf of one of your most secret cupboards, out of sight and forgotten—the ghost of its past beauty. What tears were once shed over it, any one may know who has ever looked upon his own worn-out hat, become shabby in a single month, though it cost him once twenty-five shillings at Lincoln and Bennet's.

Have we not all shabby hats and shabby bonnets put away in some dark drawer, and have we not all shed tears over them, tears for which some of us were better, some worse?

Some of us go and weep still over these dear memorials of last season, some of us look at them and smile, and say, "Are these the garments we thought so beautiful? Is this the bonnet that seemed so small and so becoming last spring? We are too small for it now, or it is too large for us." No matter how we feel, or how we weep, or how many worn-out clothes any of us have. Shut them up in a secret drawer, and spread a checked handkerchief over them. They are dead to us—we wore them out at *déjeûners* and flower-shows last year. It was our fate to do so—the fate of all of us; and we go to the tailor and the milliner and order new bonnets and new coats more fashionable still. Is not Hyde Park waiting to receive us? and the Palace at Sydenham cannot be opened without *you*, dear little smiling, fashion-

able lady. No matter how much my lord your husband hates all this charming dissipation. My lady must go, and cannot possibly be there without him, on whose arm she leans so confidingly, and whose sulky face looks round on everything but on hers. Neither need you, devoted churchwoman, look so disapprovingly on my lady. Did you never order only fish for dinner on a Friday when you knew that Mr. — could not eat fish? And you too, most decorous manager of Dorcas meetings, did you never make up a baby's chemise when you ought to have been stitching your husband's collars?

And you too, Captain Toby, whom we see in yon corner of the transept, your immaculate collar just meeting under your little forest of whiskers, have you no qualms of conscience, as you saunter so carelessly along, when you remember that the sweet little terrier which your wife gave you on your wedding day, just twelve months ago, is now barking pceevishly in the stable in Burlington Mews? What, sir! Have you so soon forgotten all the promises you made of love and protection to the dear little animal on that auspicious occasion when all your friends congratulated you on the happy event, and there was such ringing of bells and waving of handkerchiefs, white favours, and gay postilions (who were engaged for a funeral in the afternoon), and when you went to church, and came back and sat down to breakfast, and got up again, as you

have done every day since? And don't we all, my gentle readers, sit down to breakfast, and get up again every morning, day after day, and year after year, and yet the breakfast hour comes and wears on and passes by, and we think no more about it? But as we are moralising here comes out of the Medieval Court the Rev. Ambrose Longest, who has been taking notes for his new book which is just coming out, "The Life and Ledger of Anthony Smith, Greengrocer and Martyr," one of his pet parishioners who was hooted through the village by the boys because he never would sell any vegetables to the Methodist preacher. But hark! I hear Master Tommy Traddles crying at the refreshment stall yonder! What's the matter with Tommy? He was crying just now because he had had no dinner, and now he is crying because he has had too much. But is it not often so with us? Do we always know whether we have had our dinner or not? So Master Tommy will be taken home and perhaps be sick, and when he goes up to bed at night he will find a skeleton in *his* closet too.

THE WANDERERS.

By H. W. L.

"Two such I saw."—*Milton*.

THIS is the Court Mediæval! Just over the way
are the monstrous
Nineveh Bulls, with wings growing out of their
ponderous shoulders;
Staring they stand all day, with beards painted
yellow and crimson.
Loud to each other the parties of shrill-voiced,
chattering sightseers,
Speak, and in accents harsh outswell the notes of
the music.
Ye who believe in affection that walks about for a
whole day,
Not ever stopping a moment for rest or even
refreshment—
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of a
girl's constitution,
List to the wonderful words still whispered in
drops of the fountains,
List to a Tale of Love in Sydenham Palace of
Crystal.

I.

Somewhat apart in a villa, not far from the Serpentine water,
Lived Mr. Samuel Potts, the wealthiest merchant
in London.

Bandoline Harriet Ann Medora Lucretia Potts
lived

With him, and kept his house, herself the belle of
the season.

Lovers by scores had she, who loitered in front of
her window,

After her dangled at fêtes, sent bouquets, and
carried her kerchief,

Followers high and low thus basked in the rays of
her beauty,

Each one thinking himself the only one worthy to
win her.

Whispered at last it was in circles of loftiest
fashion

That Bandoline Harriet Ann Medora Lucretia
Potts would


Marry (perhaps next month, dressmakers and
weather permitting)

Julius John Fitzbrown of the city and cottage
"Olympus,"

High upon Richmond Hill, a man of renown for
his money;

For since the birth of Time throughout all cities
of England,

Has the man who gets rich been held in repute
by the people.



II.

Now had the season come when parties and balls
were incessant,
Ladies began their spring campaign, and like
rural policemen
Went their long rounds in the night, and slept
through the glorious daytime,
Danced in a crowd to be cool in the sultriest heat
of the dog-days,
Or drove in Rotten Row dust to freshen their
delicate faces.
Every sign foretold a season long and delight-
ful.
Evening had come, and brightly the chandeliers
shone in the ball room,
Sweetly the music fell, and lightly the feet of the
waltzers.
Wearied with dancing and hot, fair Bandoline sat
on the staircase ;
Julius John Fitzbrown stood by her, and lovingly
whispered,
“ Bandoline ! when once more shall we visit the
Palace together ? ”
Sweetly she looked in his face, and tenderly mur-
mured “ To-morrow ! ”

III.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the Palace
of Crystal,

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft sweet air the serpentine water,
Merrily turned the wheels of the phaeton that carried the lovers.
Lightly they sprang to the ground, and mounted the steps of the terrace,
Ah! But, alas! when yet was the path of true lovers easy?
Scarce had they entered the Palace, when fate interposed to divide them;
Suddenly Julius stopped, his face was pale, and a quiver
Passed through his beautiful limbs. In haste fair Bandoline seized him,
Loosened his delicate tie, and cut off a piece of his collar;
Then more freely he breathed, but, gasping, in accents of horror,
“Catalogues left at home!” he wildly rushed off to the transept.

IV.

Chained to the fatal spot, sweet Bandoline stood in her anguish,
Chained to the spot where last her Julius lingered beside her.
Weeping she waited long, but at last suppressed her emotion,
Straightened her bonnet and shawl, and started in search of her lover.

"Julius!" often she called with tremulous voice,
but no answer
Came from the transept broad, came none from
Greece or Alhambra.
Lonely she was in the wide, wide Palace, and gone
was her lover ;
Empty and sad appeared each court, and haunted
with phantoms,
Empty and sad within was the sorrowing heart of
the maiden.

v.

Three long hours have passed while Bandoline
roams through the Palace.
Who has not seen since then that beautiful
wandering figure?
Let me essay, O muse, to follow her devious
journey,
Tell of her weary steps as slowly she clammers the
staircase.
How in the Grecian Court she paused, and a
tremor passed through her ;
How with a faltering voice she spake to the statue
of Venus :
"Goddess ! I feel in my heart that near me my
true lover wanders—
Is it a foolish dream—an idle or vain superstition?
Was it indeed a lock of his hair that I saw in the
distance

Flutter amid the throng, or only my credulous
fancy?"

Silent the statue was, but an old man answered her
question:

"Daughter, thy words are not vain, nor are they
to me without meaning;

Doubt not, thy lover is near. Just now, with
countenance mournful,

Hat fallen back on his head, and boots all dusty
and wayworn,

Crossed there a youth my path: just round the
corner you'll find him."

Forth from the maiden's breast then burst the
sorrowful murmur:

"Julius! art so near? and yet Bandoline can't
overtake thee—

Near! But, alas! the tones of this well-known voice
cannot reach thee!"

"Patience!" a gardener said, who watered the
neighbouring flowers.

"Patience! have courage! a seed grows not to its
fruit in a moment."

Thus did the long, sad hours glide on, as both up
and below stairs

Wandered in every nook the love-sick, anxious
maiden;

Now by refreshment stalls, where clattered the
plates and the glasses,

Through Pompeii and Rome, and back to the
Court Mediæval.

Gracefully dressed she was and neat when began
the day's pleasure,
Heated and all dishevelled when in disappointment
it ended.

Not till the sun was low, when the shadows grew
long and majestic,
Close to the door she espied her true love eating
a biscuit.

"Bandoline ! angel !" he cried ; but just at that
moment, a large crumb
Crossing his throat, he choked—in his arms fell
Bandoline, fainting.

THE END.

